No. 117 Ten Cents FEB. 1948

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE featuring A SUPERMAN Christmas Adventure

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

THIS IS A STORY THAT REALLY BEGAN ON A CHRISTMAS DAY OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—AND, IN A SENSE, A STORY THAT WE HOPE WILL CONTINUE FOR AS MANY YEARS MORE. FOR WHAT TOOK PLACE WHEN **SUPERMAN** VISITED CENTRAL VALLEY ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1947, BROUGHT HOME MORE RICHLY THAN EVER THE MEANING OF "GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN" TO THE DESCENDANTS OF THAT OLD FAMILY WHO LONG AGO FOUNDED THE VILLAGE OF...

"CHRISTMASTOWN, U.S.A."

A TINY RAILROAD STATION IN CENTRAL VALLEY...

CHRISTMASTOWN

THE LAST TRAIN'S PULLING OUT, AND HE WASN'T ON IT.'

MY GRANDSON WOULDN'T WILLINGLY FAIL TO APPEAR. SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM.'

IF HE DOESN'T ARRIVE SOON, IT'LL BE THE FIRST TIME IN MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS THAT AN OSBORNE HAS FAILED TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS IN OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.'

BUT YOU'RE AN OSBORNE. IF DANNY DOESN'T COME, YOU CAN PLAY SANTA CLAUS.'

MY GRANDSON IS TWENTY-ONE. THE ROLE IS HIS NOW. IF HE DOESN'T COME, A FAMILY TRADITION HAS BEEN BROKEN.'

AND HIS LETTER SAID HE'D ARRIVE TODAY. MAYBE HE'S ILL SOMEWHERE — OR INJURED.'

EASY, OSBORNE. THE DAY ISN'T OVER YET. HE'LL COME.'

THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, IN METROPOLIS...

IT'S TWELVE HOURS TO CHRISTMAS EVE. I WANT YOU TWO TO FLY OUT AND COVER THE YULE FETE IN CHRISTMASTOWN. IT'LL MAKE A FINE HOLIDAY FEATURE.'

OKAY, CHIEF.

LATER, ABOARD A FAST PLANE...

CLARK— LOOK BELOW.' THAT RIVER— OVERFLOWING ITS BANKS.'

HMM—THAT'S BAD. WE'RE OVER CENTRAL VALLEY... AND CHRISTMASTOWN IS ONE OF THE VALLEY HAMLETS.'

LOIS AND CLARK DON'T KNOW IT, BUT CHRISTMASTOWN IS ALREADY UNDER THREE FEET OF WATER!

ALIGHTING AT THE AIRPORT IN THE CITY NEAREST CHRISTMASTOWN...

LISTEN- SUPPOSE YOU COVER CHRISTMASTOWN, AND I'LL COVER THE FLOOD DOWN THE VALLEY. THAT WAY, WE'LL GETA COMPLETE STORY.

SPOKEN LIKE A REAL NEWSPAPER-WOMAN!

AND I'LL BE FREE TO ACT AS SUPERMAN!

SO LOIS AND CLARK, HIRING CARS, DEPART IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

PRESENTLY...

I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MAYOR?

SUPERMAN! YOU'LL FIND THE MAYOR JUST LEAV-ING CITY HALL IN A ROWBOAT!

AND IN THAT ROWBOAT SIT THREE MEN STEEPED IN GLOOM!

THE FESTIVAL GROUNDS ARE FLOODED!

AND THE WATERS ARE STILL RISING.

MY GRANDSON... WHERE CAN HE BE?

GENERAL STORE

MIND IF I ROW, GENTLEMEN? AND SHOULDN'T YOU BE PREPARING FOR YOUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PAGEANT?

SUPERMAN!

IN THIS FLOOD, SUPERMAN? HOW CAN WE?

GENTLEMEN, THIS FLOOD IS THE VERY THING THAT CAN MAKE THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION THE BEST EVER!

H-HOW DO YOU MEAN, SUPERMAN?

I MEAN THAT WE'RE GOING TO BRING A MERRY CHRISTMAS NOT TO CHRISTMASTOWN ALONE BUT TO ALL OF CENTRAL VALLEY! WAIT HERE UNTIL I RETURN.'

STRAIGHT FOR THE TIMBERLANDS HEADS THE MAN OF STEEL...

I'LL NEED PLENTY OF LUMBER FOR WHAT I'M GOING TO BUILD.'

THIS GIVES ME THE NECESSARY LUMBER...

—AND NOW—TIME OUT FOR A FEW SECONDS WHILE I BECOME A ONE-MAN SAW-MILL AND TURN THESE TREES INTO PLANKS.

WE'LL TURN THE FLOOD FROM A MISFORTUNE INTO A BLESSING BY FLOATING CHRISTMAS CHEER RIGHT DOWN THE RIVER THROUGH THE VALLEY WHERE IT'LL PASS EVERYONE WORKING ON THE LEVEES.'

PRESENTLY...

LOOK.'

WHY—IT'S AN ARK.' A CHRISTMAS ARK—AND CARRYING THE LARGEST CHRISTMAS TREE I'VE EVER SEEN.'

GENTLEMEN—MERRY CHRISTMAS! THIS ARK IS OPEN TO ALL CITIZENS OF CHRISTMASTOWN! THEY CAN DECORATE THE TREE AND HOLD THEIR CHRISTMAS FETE ON BOARD! BUT THAT ISN'T ALL—

—WE'LL SAIL DOWN THE RIVER AND SPREAD CHRISTMAS CHEER THROUGH THE WHOLE FLOOD AREA. I'LL MAKE TOYS AND THINGS FROM THIS KINDLING, AND—

A REGULAR SANTA WORKSHOP ON BOARD!

THE WOMEN AND KIDS CAN WRAP THE TOYS AND EXTRA FOOD PACKAGES, AND WE'LL DISTRIBUTE GIFTS ALONG THE LEVEES.

WONDERFUL! A MOVING CHRISTMASTOWN! BUT WE'LL NEED A SANTA CLAUS!

OSBORNE—SINCE YOUR GRANDSON'S NOT HERE, ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS OR NOT?

I'M AN OSBORNE. HOW CAN I REFUSE NOW? I'LL (SIGH) GO HOME FOR THE OLD COSTUME OUR FAMILY HAS ALWAYS USED.

I KNEW HE'D DO IT, IN SPITE OF HIS ANXIETY OVER HIS MISSING GRANDSON.

HM—IT LOOKS AS IF SANTA CLAUS WILL BE THE SADDEST MAN ABOARD OUR CHRISTMAS ARK.

MEANWHILE, LOIS, FAR DOWN IN THE VALLEY...

HM—WHAT'S WRONG OVER THERE?

FIRST AID

ARE YOU HURT?

NOT EXACTLY, MA'AM. I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING.

AMNESIA! HE WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD BY A FLOATING LOG.

ONE OF THE MEN SAW HIM AND BROUGHT HIM HERE. NO IDENTIFICATION —NOTHING.

I HAVE A FEELING IT WOULD ALL COME BACK— MY NAME— EVERYTHING— IF I ONLY HAD SOME CLUE...

SUPPOSE I TAKE HIM OVER TO THE MEN AT THE LEVEE? LET HIM HELP WITH THE SANDBAGS FOR A BIT TO OCCUPY HIM.

HE'S ALL RIGHT PHYSICALLY, IF HE WANTS TO DO THAT.

FIRST AID

GOSH—I GUESS I'M NOT FROM AROUND HERE, OR SOMEONE WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED ME.

NOW—JUST FORGET YOURSELF FOR A BIT. THE SHOCK MIGHT BE TEMPORARY— AND IF YOU RELAX, THINGS WILL ALL COME BACK TO YOU.

SOUP KITCHEN

I DO KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT I HAD TO DO—BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS.

HMM... I'LL STICK CLOSE. THERE'S OFTEN NEWS IN AN AMNESIA CASE.

WELL, ZEKE—HERE IT'S PRACTICALLY CHRISTMAS EVE. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE DOING THIS TONIGHT.

YEP—I GUESS CHRISTMAS IS PRETTY SAD THIS YEAR.

CHRISTMAS... SOMETHING'S TRYING TO COME BACK TO ME, BUT IT KEEPS ESCAPING...

THAT'S FUNNY—I THOUGHT I HEARD SINGING.

LOOK! UP THE RIVER! SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A FLOATING CHRISTMAS TREE!

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE FOLKS OF CHRISTMASTOWN

AN ARK! A CHRISTMAS ARK!

CHRISTMASTOWN... CHRISTMASTOWN...

WHAT A STORY THIS IS!

WHILE IN THE ARK'S WORK-SHOP...

GOSH—LOOK AT SUPERMAN GO!

WE CAN HARDLY KEEP UP WITH HIM IN WRAPPING THESE TOYS...

WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE LEVEE. AND YOU'RE TO HAND OUT THE PRESENTS, MR. OSBORNE. I HAVE TO LEAVE NOW.

(SIGH) YES — OF COURSE. SORRY TO SOUND SO DREARY, BUT— I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT MY GRANDSON.

AS **SUPERMAN** TAKES HIS UNNOTICED DEPARTURE...

LOOK—A PAIR OF KNITTED STOCKINGS!

A NEW RECIPE BOOK! AND TOYS FOR THE KIDDIES!

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL! AND A GIFT TO EVERY-ONE OF YOU! (SIGH)

NOEL... NOEL...

WHEN I PHONE THIS STORY IN, IT'LL—HUH?

THAT'S IT! I REMEMBER NOW! I WAS DRIVING TO CHRISTMASTOWN TO BE **SANTA CLAUS**! I'M—

LET ME THROUGH! I'M **DANNY OSBORNE**!

DANNY OSBORNE— YOU MEAN— FROM THE CHRISTMASTOWN OSBORNES ?

YES! MY CAR WAS STALLED BY THE FLOOD AND I WAS HURT BY A FLOATING LOG. BUT— NEVER MIND THAT NOW! THAT MUST BE MY GRAND-FATHER!

GRANDFATHER— IT'S ME - DANNY! I - I HAD A SLIGHT ACCIDENT! BUT - I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!

DANNY!

CLARK WENT TO CHRISTMASTOWN SO HE'S PROBABLY SCOOPED ME ON THE ARK STORY—BUT THIS IS EVEN BETTER! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW: **A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR SANTA CLAUS!** WHERE'S A PHONE?

DANNY! YOU TURNED UP! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! AND I THOUGHT—BUT—NO MATTER! THIS IS REALLY A **MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

TAXI

LATER—HIGH IN THE EVENING SKY, AND FAR TO THE WEST...

JUST ONE LAST TOUCH TO MAKE THIS A PERFECT CHRISTMAS—PROVIDED I CAN GET THIS CLOUD BANK OVER CHRISTMASTOWN BEFORE THE ARK RETURNS...

MADE IT JUST AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. HERE COMES THE ARK ON ITS WAY HOME NOW.

WHICH GIVES ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO FORCE THE COLD UPPER AIR DOWN ONTO THOSE CLOUDS...

AS THE COLD AIR STRIKES THE CLOUD BANK, THE MOISTURE CRYSTALLIZES, AND...

WHY— OSBORNE MUST HAVE FOUND HIS GRANDSON! HOW WONDER-FULLY THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT!

THERE! A PERFECT WHITE CHRISTMAS FOR CHRISTMASTOWN!

HOW BEAUTIFUL OUR LITTLE TOWN LOOKS TONIGHT, GRANDFATHER.

AND—COME TO THINK OF IT—WHAT A STORY! I CAN JUST SEE THE HEADLINES: **A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR SANTA CLAUS!** IT'S TIME FOR CLARK KENT TO GET BACK TO THE *PLANET!*

WHICH BRINGS US TO CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE *DAILY PLANET* OFFICE...

NOT A BAD CHRISTMAS PARTY, BUT WAIT'LL YOU READ ABOUT THE ONE I COVERED IN CENTRAL VALLEY.

I DIDN'T DO SO BADLY IN CHRISTMASTOWN MYSELF.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, YOU TWO. YOU DID WONDERFULLY ON THAT ASSIGNMENT. ONLY ONE THING PUZZLES ME.

WHAT'S THAT?

YOU EACH TURNED IN A SEPARATE STORY—BUT THEY'RE ALMOST IDENTICAL. WHAT'S MORE —THEY'VE EACH GOT THE SAME HEADLINE: A MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOR SANTA CLAUS!

R WHITE

WHY—WHY—HOW CAN THAT BE? I THOUGHT I HAD A SCOOP!

SO DID I!

LOOK—THIS IS ONCE THAT NEITHER ONE OF YOU SCOOPED THE OTHER. ON CHRISTMAS DAY— WHAT COULD BE MORE FITTING? I'LL RUN IT AS ONE STORY UNDER **BOTH** YOUR NAMES!

THE END

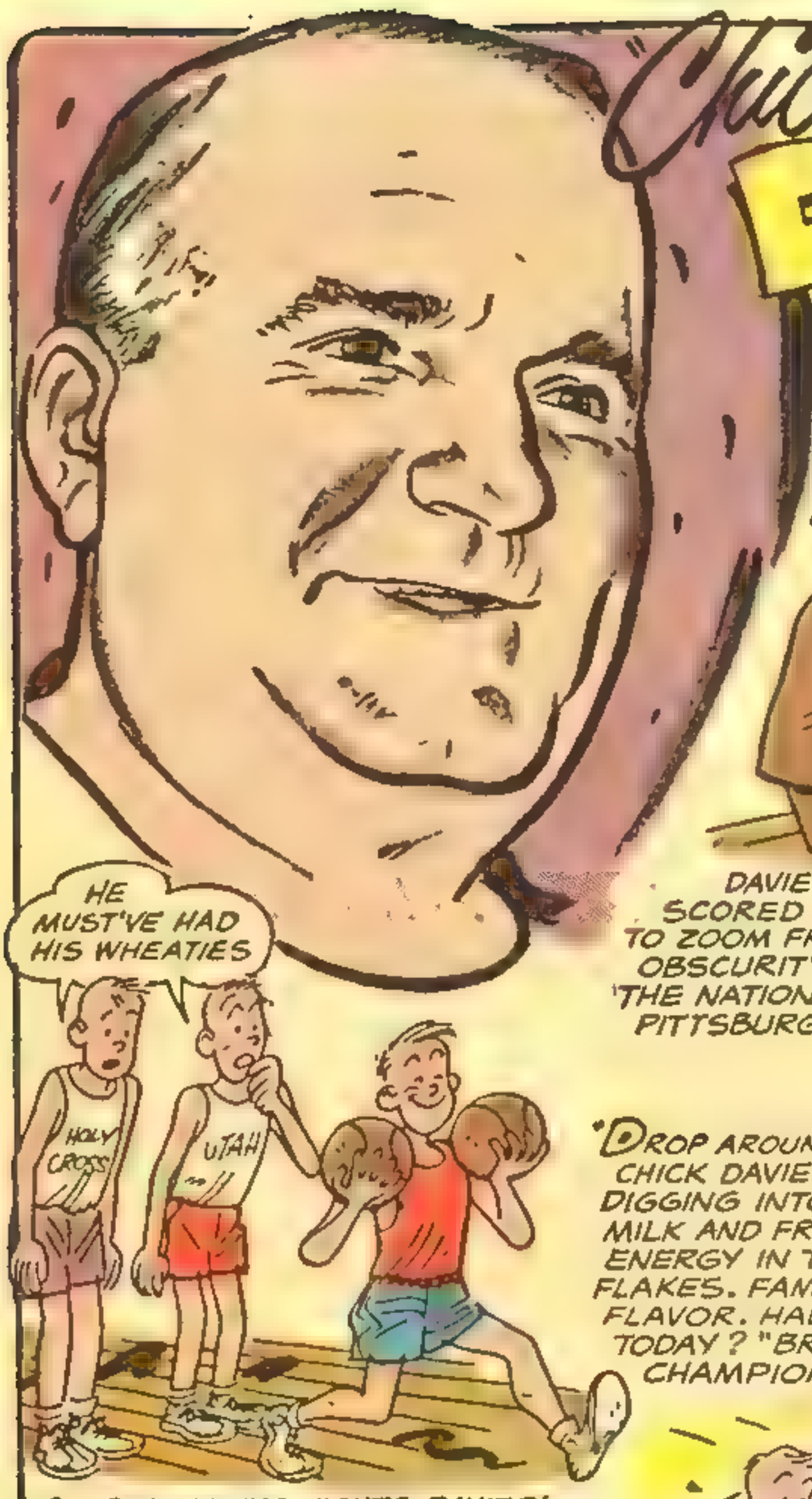
12

Listen to the Thrilling Adventures of SUPERMAN *on your local* MUTUAL STATION

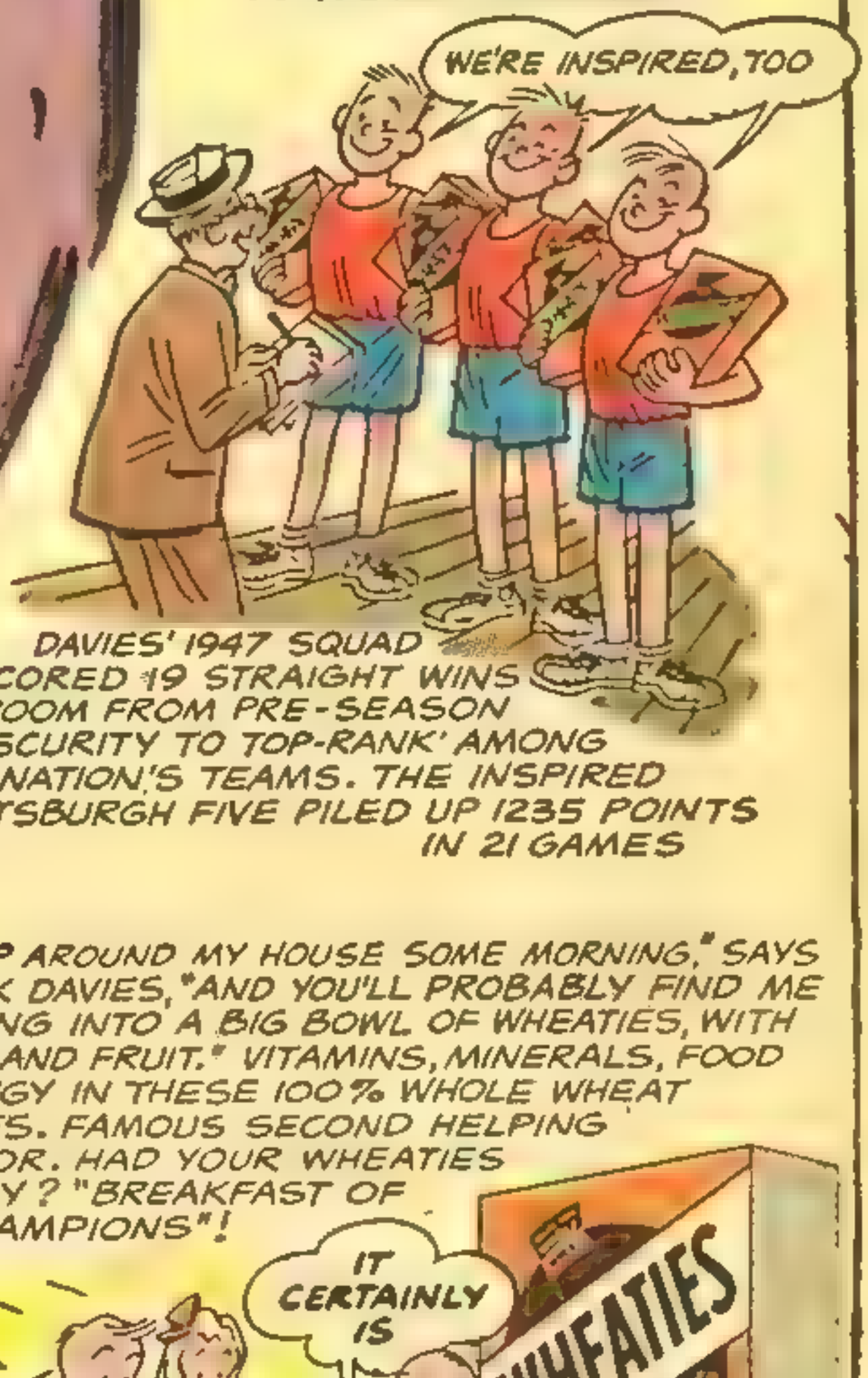
ADVERTISEMENT

"Chick" DAVIES

CHAMPION BASKETBALL COACH
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

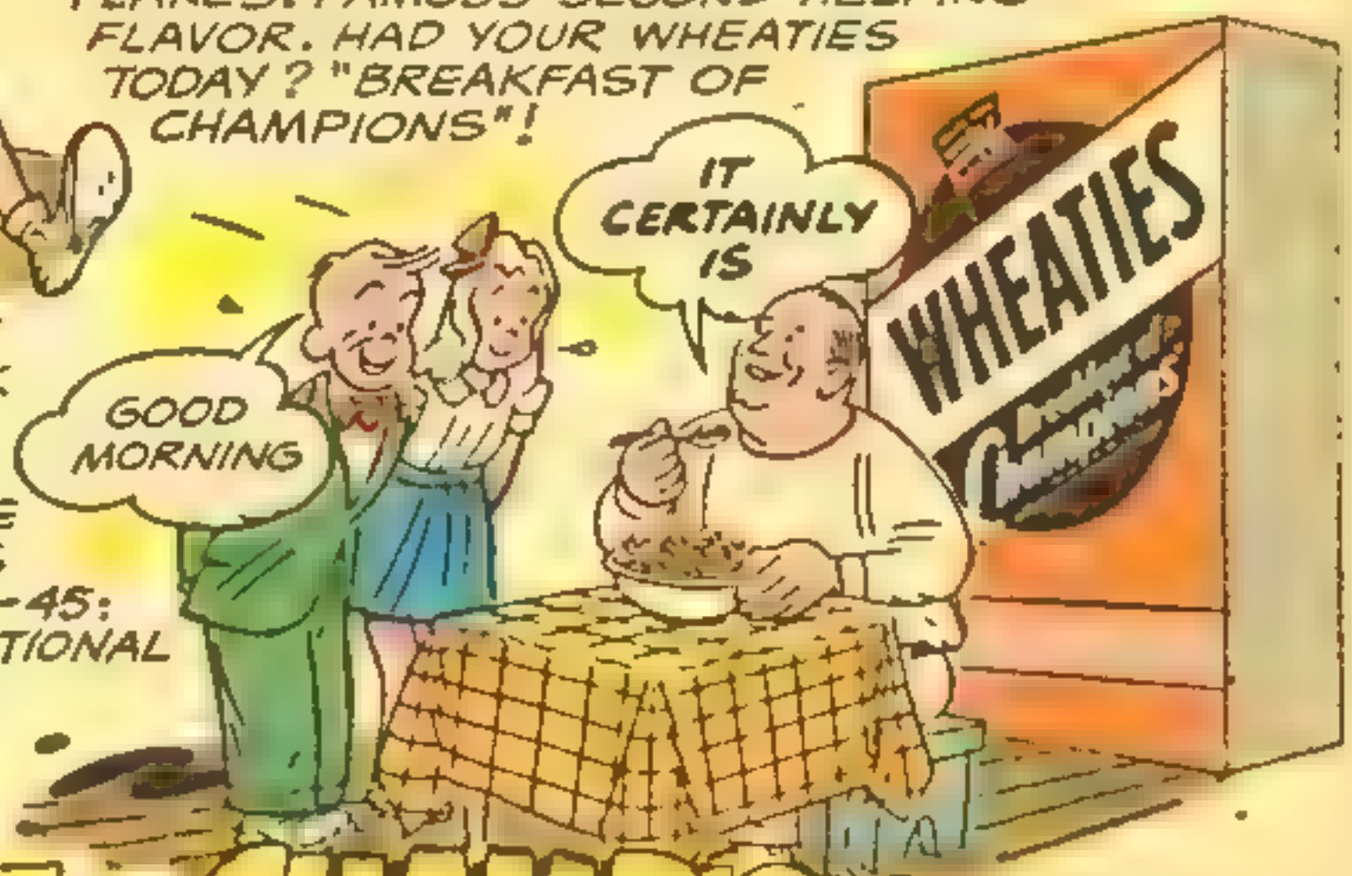


ON SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS, DAVIES' SHARPSHOOTERS TURNED BACK THE TEAMS WHICH WERE TO WIN 1947's TWO NATIONAL BASKETBALL TITLES. JAN. 3 THE DUKES DEFEATED HOLY CROSS (COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS) 55-45: JAN. 4 THEY BEAT UTAH (INVITATIONAL CHAMPIONS) 59-50



DAVIES' 1947 SQUAD SCORED 19 STRAIGHT WINS TO ZOOM FROM PRE-SEASON OBSCURITY TO TOP-RANK AMONG THE NATION'S TEAMS. THE INSPIRED PITTSBURGH FIVE PILED UP 1235 POINTS IN 21 GAMES

"DROP AROUND MY HOUSE SOME MORNING," SAYS CHICK DAVIES, "AND YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND ME DIGGING INTO A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT." VITAMINS, MINERALS, FOOD ENERGY IN THESE 100% WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FAMOUS SECOND HELPING FLAVOR. HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY? "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"!



"WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

RADIO'S ALL-TIME THRILL FAVORITE

NOW IN A COMICS MAGAZINE OF ITS *OWN!*

THE PUNCH-PACKED CASE-HISTORIES OF MEN WHO TRIED TO BEAT THE LAW —AND OF THE LAWMEN WHO BEAT THEM TO THE FINAL DRAW!

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

DRAMA! EXCITEMENT! ACTION!

WATCH FOR THIS 2nd SMASH ISSUE AT *Your* NEWSSTAND!

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

YOU'VE BEEN TOLD TO BE KIND TO OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS... AND A GOOD THING, TOO! BUT NOBODY IS KINDER THAN BETTY LANE... WHO FINDS HERSELF OUT ON A LIMB WHEN SHE TRIES IT! AND BOTH SHE AND ZATARA COME CLOSE TO BEING DEAD PIGEONS WHEN THEY RUN INTO A PAIR OF EAGLE-EYED UGLY DUCKLINGS, AND THE MASTER MAGICIAN HAS TO HANDLE THE DANGEROUS

"BIRDS out of HAND!"

AS BETTY LANE'S MOTHER RETURNS FROM A SHOPPING TRIP...

WONDER IF BETTY'S HOME FROM SCHOOL YET..? I HAVE SOME COOKIES FOR HER...

INSIDE THE HOUSE...

WHOOOOO..

EEEEHHH..! WHAT'S THAT?

AND NOW MEET BETTY LANE, WHO BEFRIENDS ALL BIRDS MADE HOMELESS BY WIND AND SNOW...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MOM... DID MY NEW OWL SCARE YOU?

DID HE?! BETTY LANE, THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME SO MANY BIRDS THAT OUR HOUSE LOOKS LIKE A ZOO!

AND THIS EAGLE, THAT YOU'RE KEEPING UNDER YOUR BROTHER'S OLD CRIB—YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!

BUT, GOSH, MOM, HIS WING IS BROKEN! CAN'T I—?

NO! I MEAN IT—YOU GET RID OF ALL YOUR BIRDS... OR I'LL GET RID OF THEM FOR YOU!

BUT NEXT MORNING...

EVERY TIME MOM GETS MAD SHE SAYS SHE'LL GET RID OF MY BIRDS... BUT SHE NEVER DOES IT! SO I WON'T WORRY!

2

BUT BETTY IS IN FOR A SURPRISE! MEANWHILE, AT SCHOOL...

TODAY WE HAVE A VERY FAMOUS VISITOR... ZATARA, THE MAGICIAN!

HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS... I'VE GOT SOME MAGIC FOR YOU!

FIRST, TO REMIND YOU TO BE KIND TO ANIMALS... I'LL MAKE THIS NICKEL GROW...

OLAFFUB... EKAT A WOB!*

BE KIND TO ME... DON'T PINCH ME TOO HARD!

ED STATES OF AMERICA

FIVE CENTS

*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

IN OTHER WORDS, BE GENEROUS... TO PEOPLE AND TO ANIMALS! BIRDS, FOR INSTANCE, LIKE THIS ONE...

YENOM, KLAT!

OKAY, ZATARA, IF YOU SAY SO... BUT I'VE GOT TOO MUCH CENTS TO SAY MUCH... FIFTY CENTS! HA, HA!

E PLURIBUS UNUM

HALF DOLLAR

BUT SERIOUSLY... YOU SHOULD BE KIND TO ALL BIRDS! THEY'RE AMONG MY BEST FRIENDS!

LATER, AS THE MASTER MAGICIAN MEETS HIS FANS...

I'M KIND TO BIRDS, ZATARA... BUT MY MOTHER DOESN'T LIKE IT! I WISH YOU COULD MAKE HER UNDERSTAND...

I'LL TRY, BETTY.

AND SO, AFTER SCHOOL...

I'VE GOT ALL KINDS OF BIRDS, ZATARA... BIG AND LITTLE...

I FOUND **THIS** ROBIN WITH A BROKEN WING...

A ROBIN? THE CAGE LOOKS EMPTY, BETTY.

GOSH, THE CAGES ARE **ALL** EMPTY —AND MY BIRDS ARE GONE!

YES, I LET THEM OUT...THEY WERE A NUISANCE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER BIRD AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SUDDENLY...

OH, MRS. LANE, MY MOTHER'S SICK! I TRIED TO PHONE HER DOCTOR, BUT HE'S OUT AT HIS FARM WHERE THERE'S NO PHONE! WHAT SHALL I DO?

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF SENDING A MESSAGE! SNOEGIP...ENO FO UOY EMOC EREH!

HERE I AM, ZATARA ...AT YOUR SERVICE!

I WANT YOU TO TAKE AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE TO A DOCTOR!

SECONDS LATER...

I'VE GOT THE DIRECTIONS, ZATARA... I'LL REACH HIM IN FIVE MINUTES!

SEE, MOTHER? BIRDS ARE ALSO GOOD MESSENGERS!

BIRDS ARE USEFUL IN MANY WAYS! IF YOU AND BETTY WILL COME WITH ME...

YLF EKIL SDRIB!

EEEHHH!

DON'T GET SCARED, MOM ...ZATARA WON'T LET US GET HURT!

HERE'S A CORMORANT... WATCH HIM!

IN SOME PARTS OF THE WORLD, CORMORANTS CATCH FISH FOR MEN! THEY KEEP PEOPLE FROM STARVING!

IN OTHER PLACES... WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU...

A CYCLONE.'

NO, A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS, TRAVELING WITH THE WIND... THEY RUIN CROPS, EAT UP EVERY BLADE OF GRASS...

...UNLESS THE BIRDS GET THEM FIRST!

I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING ELSE BIRDS CAN DO... LET ME HAVE YOUR RING...

EEEHH... YOU THREW MY RING AWAY.'

YES, AND IT'S HARD TO FIND IN THAT LONG GRASS...

FOR HUMAN EYES, THAT IS... BUT NOT FOR A FALCON'S KEEN VISION! HE CAN LOCATE A TINY OBJECT A THOUSAND YARDS AWAY.'

UNEXPECTEDLY...

GANGWAY!

THE COPS ARE AFTER US... AND WE AIN'T LETTIN' NOBODY STOP US!

BANG!

BANG!

A LITTLE BIRD CAN STOP YOU.' WORRAPS, WORG GIB DNA EZIES MEHT!

YIII!

HELP! POLICE!

NOW THEY WANT US.' THEY SURE CHANGED THEIR MINDS FAST.'

THANKS TO ZATARA.'

I REALIZE NOW HOW WRONG I WAS, ZATARA ... BIRDS ARE OUR FRIENDS... ALL EXCEPT JAILBIRDS.'

MAYBE YOU CAN, BETTY... LET'S RETURN TO YOUR HOME.'

BUT MY BIRDS ARE GONE... AND I CAN'T GET THEM BACK.'

PRESENTLY...

ZATARA, THERE ARE EGGS IN THE CAGES.'

THAT'S RIGHT, BETTY. SUPPOSE YOU GATHER THEM UP—

NOW... SGGE... HCTAH.'

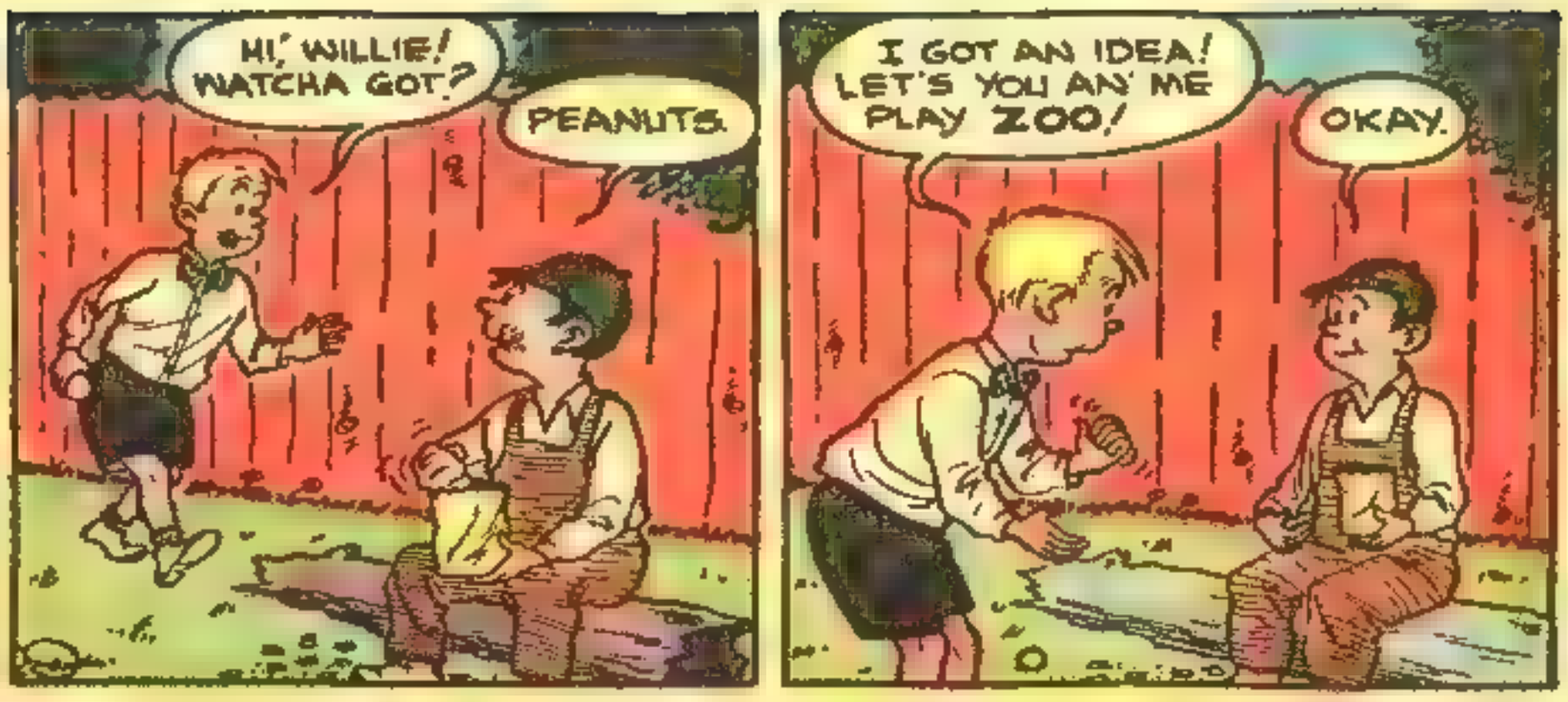
ALL THE BIRDS I LOST... THEY'RE BACK!

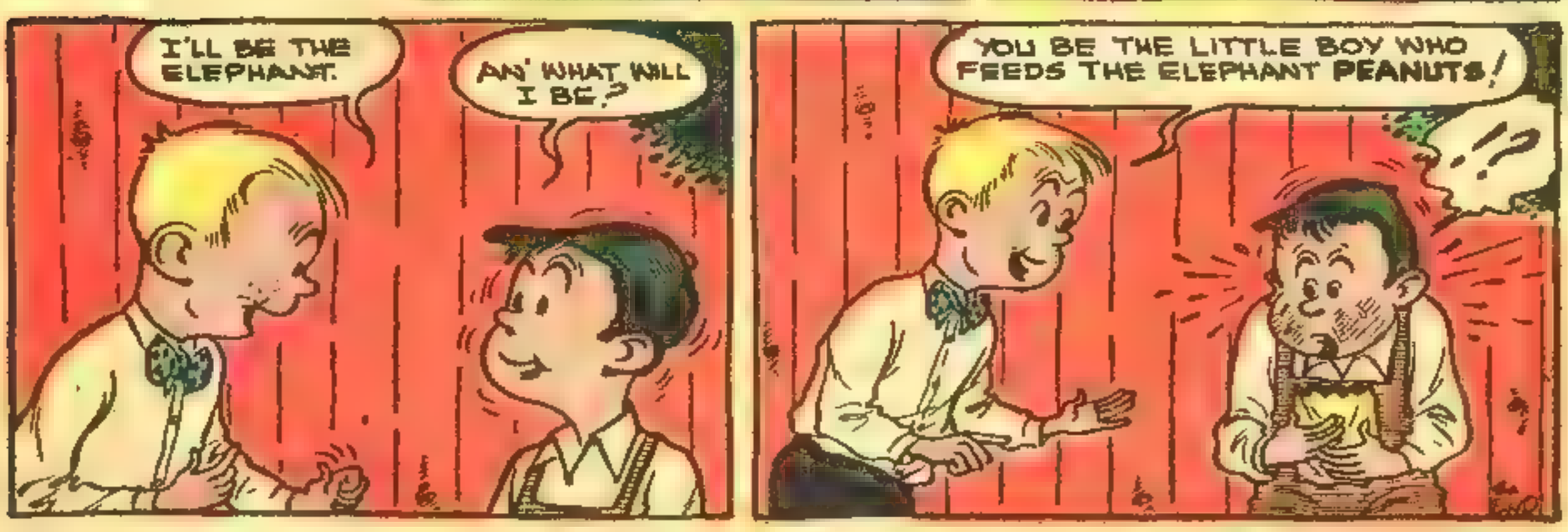
AND THIS TIME, BETTY, YOU'LL KEEP THEM... THANKS TO ZATARA.'

ZATARA
THE MASTER OF MAGIC
PROVES THAT THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE—
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
WORLD'S FINEST
and
ACTION COMICS

LITTLE OZZIE

by Phil Bourbeau





ADVERTISEMENT

ROLLER SKATE FACTS

BOY, THAT'S RUGGED! POUNDING OVER A BRICK RACE-TRACK AT SPEEDS UP TO 140 M.P.H. AND KEEPING IT UP FOR 500 MILES! BOTH SPEED AND ENDURANCE DEPEND ON THE BALL BEARINGS IN THE MIGHTY POWER-PLANTS OF THESE RACING DEMONS!

TOUGH, REAL LEATHER STRAPS
SAFETY CLAMPS
NICKEL-PLATED STEEL GIRDER FRAME
RUBBER SHOCK-ABSORBERS
REINFORCED DOUBLE TREADS
TWO ROWS OF BALL BEARINGS IN EACH WHEEL

AND THE SAME TYPE OF PRECISION-FORMED BALL BEARINGS MAKE WINCHESTER SUPER-SPEED ROLLER SKATES **FASTER, SMOOTHER, STRONGER!** THERE'S A **DOUBLE** ROW IN EACH WHEEL FOR SUPER-SPEED AND SUPER-STRENGTH. OF COURSE, IT'S SMART TO INSIST ON WINCHESTER!

"JUST COUNT ALL THESE FEATURES THAT MAKE WINCHESTER SUPER-SPEED ROLLER SKATES YOUR BEST BUY!

REMEMBER, INSIST ON
WINCHESTER
SUPER SPEED ROLLER SKATES
GET THEM AT YOUR LOCAL HARDWARE OR SPORTING GOODS DEALER

MADE BY WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, DIVISION OF OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC.

CONGO BILL

AFRICA... YOU KNOW IT AS A LAND OF DARK JUNGLE AND DAZZLING SUNLIGHT... OF FIERCE LIONS AND FLEET ANTELOPE... BUT NOT OF SNOW AND SANTA CLAUS! THINGS CHANGE THOUGH, WHEN **CONGO BILL**, GLOBE-TROTTING ADVENTURER, TEACHES MOTHER NATURE A NEW TRICK, AND AN AFRICAN SUMMER SEES...

"Christmas in the CONGO!"

END OF DECEMBER IN A BIG CITY... AND AS COLD WINDS HOWL...

BRRR... WISH I WAS IN A NICE HOT JUNGLE, LIKE CONGO BILL! HE NEVER WORRIES ABOUT THE COLD.'

STILL TIME TO GIVE BEFORE NEW YEAR, FOLKS.'

ONE ADVANTAGE WE HAVE, THOUGH... CHRISTMAS! BET BILL HASN'T CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS SINCE HE WAS A KID.'

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

TINKLE TINKLE

I GOT THIS BY AIRMAIL THIS MORNING... TAKE A LOOK!

MAILED FROM THE CONGO, TOO!

THE CONGO? A CHRISTMAS TREE... SNOW... IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

BUT IT MAKES PLENTY OF SENSE IF YOU GO BACK TO THE DAY WHEN CONGO BILL, SICK, FEVERISH, STUMBLES THROUGH THE DANGEROUS JUNGLE...

I'M BURNING... NEED WATER... CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER...

WHILE NEARBY, SAVAGE CLAWS PREPARE TO REND THE HELPLESS VICTIM...

I'LL REST FOR A FEW MINUTES... HOPE I DON'T FALL ASLEEP...

THAT SHADOW! NO TIME TO REST NOW...

AND IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE BEAST STRIKES, THE AILING ADVENTURER BECOMES A FURIOUS FIGHTING MACHINE!

THOUGHT I WAS FINISHED, DID YOU? THIS WILL TRIM YOUR CLAWS.

GRRR!

BUT AS MAN AND BEAST STRAIN IN DEADLY COMBAT...

I CAN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH... (PANT)... OUT OF BREATH... GUESS YOU WIN...

UNEXPECTEDLY...

SOUNDED LIKE A GUN... (PANT) ... I MUST BE DELIRIOUS...

BANG!

THINK I'M TASTING WATER... WONDER IF I'M DEAD?

HE'S SICK, JIMMY... WE'D BETTER GET HIM TO THE VILLAGE.'

I'LL HELP YOU CARRY HIM, DAD.'

LATER, AS CONGO BILL SITS UP...

GOSH, YOU WERE SO SICK I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET WELL! BUT YOU LOOK BETTER NOW! DAD'S A GOOD DOCTOR.'

GUESS I OWE MY LIFE TO HIM... AND YOU.'

IT WAS DAD'S DOING... HE'S ALWAYS SAVING PEOPLE!. GIVING VACCINATIONS, FIXING BROKEN ARMS ... THAT'S WHAT HE'S HERE FOR.'

SLOWLY, BILL RECOVERS...

GUESS I'LL BE WELL ENOUGH TO LEAVE SOON... WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY OF PAYING BACK WHAT I OWE YOU, JIMMY!

SHUCKS, THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT... AND YOU CAN'T GIVE IT TO ME!

I WISH I COULD HAVE A **REAL** CHRISTMAS... WITH A TREE, AND PRESENTS, AND EVERY THING... RIGHT HERE IN THE CONGO!

SORT OF A TALL ORDER, ISN'T IT? SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU, JIMMY!

MAYBE I CAN, THOUGH...

AND SO, PRESENTLY...

THOSE IMPALA RAMS ARE AS CLOSE TO REINDEER AS SANTA CLAUS COULD GET AROUND HERE... THEY'LL HAVE TO DO...

NOW TO SEE IF MY NEW TRAP WORKS...

IT DOES! THE IMPALA'S FOOT TRIPS A LEVER HIDDEN IN THE WATER... AND THE NET FALLS!

SOON, IN A HASTILY BUILT STOCKADE...

ENOUGH TO PULL A SLED... I'LL LET THEM GO FREE AGAIN AFTER CHRISTMAS.

I'LL BUILD THE SLED LATER... NOW I NEED A TREE...WITH NARROW LEAVES THAT LOOK LIKE NEEDLES, INSTEAD OF BROAD ONES LIKE FANS...

THIS WILL DO... BUT IT'S A LONG HAUL TO WHERE JIMMY LIVES...

THE JUNGLE MASTER'S INVENTIVE MIND COOKS UP ANOTHER TRAP! AS A WARY ELEPHANT PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN..

THERE'S A STEEL CHAIN HIDDEN INSIDE THOSE LEAVES ...AND HE DOESN'T SUSPECT..

A SECOND LATER... THE CHAIN TIGHTENS! AND THE TRAPPED GIANT FLEES IN TERROR!

SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF CHOPPING IT DOWN... THANKS, BIG BOY, KEEP GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD!

BUT EVENTUALLY...

THIS SAVED ME A LONG HAUL! NOW TO WAIT TILL NIGHT AND FIND SOME TINSEL...

THESE PHOSPHORESCENT VINES ARE EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!

NEXT... LIVING LAMPS .. A SWARM OF FIREFLIES ATTRACTED BY A SPECIAL CHEMICAL...

I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THEM IN A BIG JUG UNTIL NEEDED... GUESS I'VE GOT EVERYTHING NOW!

OH OH, I WAS FORGETTING THE MOST IMPORTANT THING... SNOW! BUT WHERE CAN I GET SNOW IN THE CONGO?

EASY.. IF YOU KNOW YOUR JUNGLE!

THESE WILD COTTON PLANTS WILL DO THE TRICK! NOW TO TELL JIMMY'S FATHER, AND GET SOME PRESENTS READY!

AND SO, CHRISTMAS EVE...

GEE, RIGHT NOW THE KIDS BACK HOME ARE ENJOYING CHRISTMAS! BUT HERE IN THE CONGO...

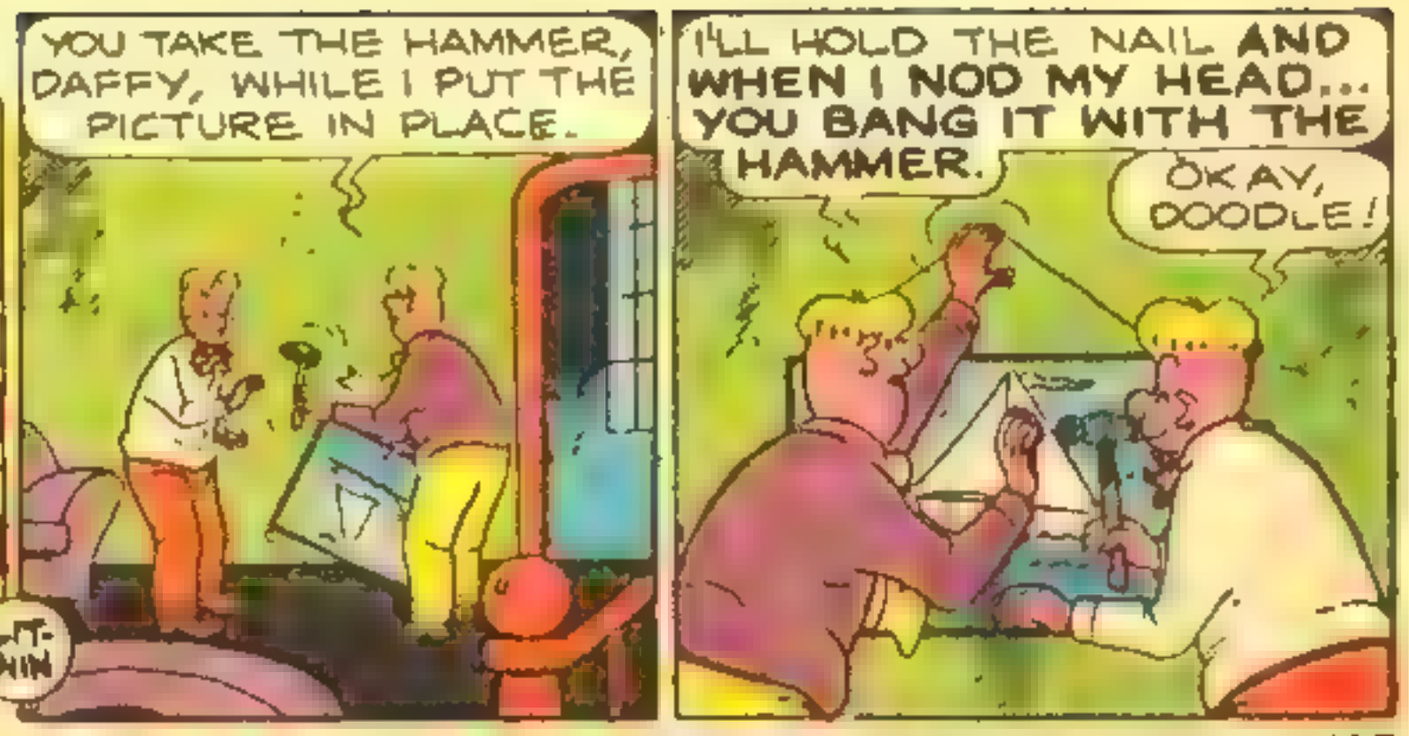
NEVER MIND, JIMMY... I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU... COME ALONG!

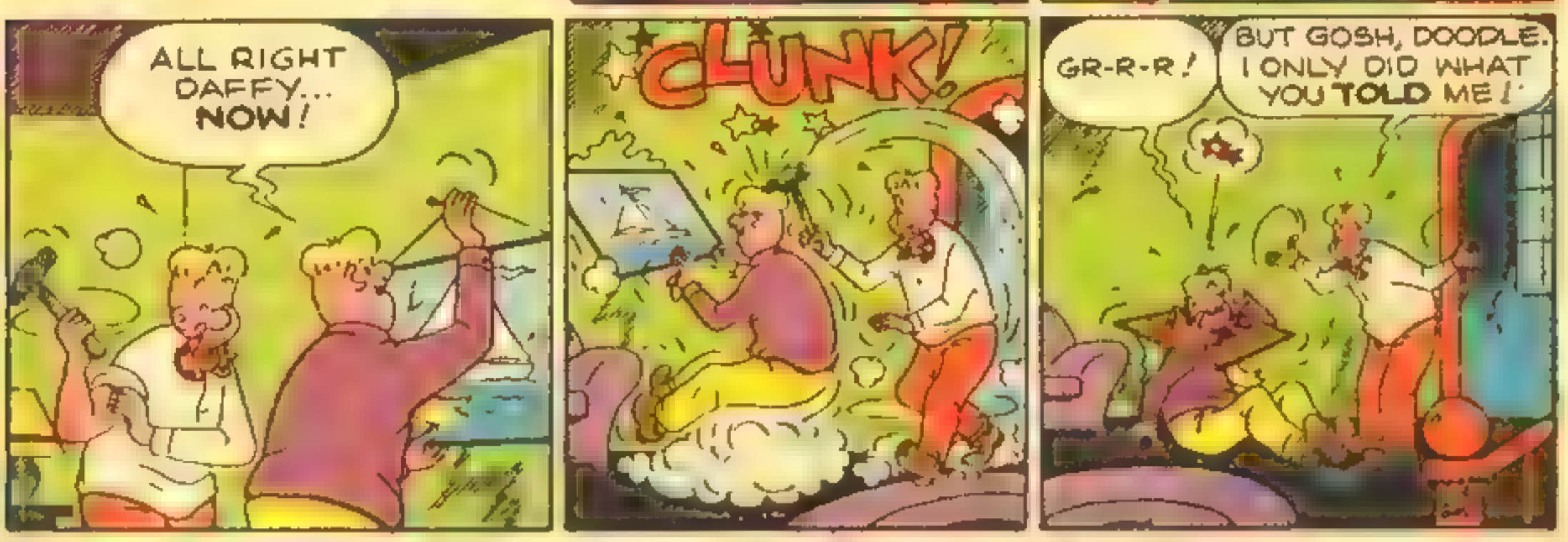
MERRY CHRISTMAS, JIMMY!

A TREE... AND PRESENTS... AND SNOW... AND EVERYTHING... GOSH! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE END

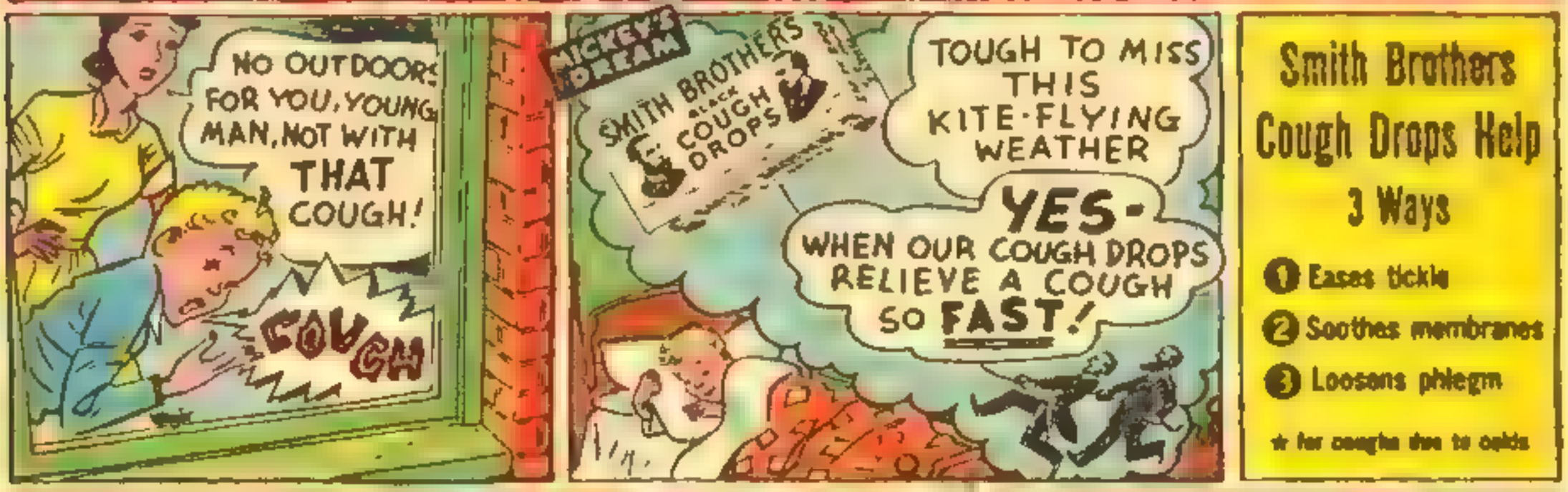
DAFFY & DOODLE





ADVERTISEMENT

Mickey Marvel by S. B. Black



HAYFOOT HENRY

A MYSTERIOUS EVENT
A DIFFICULT RHYME,
A MAN WHO WON'T TALK,
GIVE HENRY A TIME
UNTIL BY A CHANCE
THE SLEEPYSIDE COP
STRAIGHTENS THINGS
OUT WITH
"A SINGULAR SWAP!"

JUNK

WHAT'S UP, HAYFOOT HENRY? HOW LONESOME YOU LOOK!

LONESOME'S THE WORD. YOU'RE SMART FOR A CROOK.

IF I DON'T FINDS ITS RHYME MY BRAIN WILL CONGEAL.

OH--THEN LONESOME'S A **RHYME**, AND NOT HOW YOU **FEEL**!

THEY SAY A COP'S LIFE IS HARDLY A LARK
WHY ADD TO YOUR TROUBLES?
I'M QUITE IN THE DARK!

EXCEPT FOR THE MOON!
BUT--WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

SPEAKING OF DARK--
THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT!

I'LL HAVE TO GO SEE. THE WHOLE TOWN IS BLACK!
THE POWER PLANT MUST BE OUT OF WHACK!

HENRY REACHES THE CENTER OF TOWN JUST AS THE HELPFUL MOON GOES DOWN, CAUSING CONFUSION AND GENERAL MUDDLE.
BUT--THERE GOES THE MATCH!
AND--GOSH--WHAT A **PUDDLE**!

HUH? I THOUGHT I FELT WET.
MY TROUSERS ARE MUDDY!
AND I'VE LOST MY WAY LIKE
A REAL FUDDY-DUDDY!

OOPS! PARDON, HENRY.
BUT I SIMPLY CAN'T SEE!

OOCH! OBVIOUSLY!
ER--HAVE YOU
A RHYME
FOR ME?

CAN I THINK OF RHYME ? I'M A REAL WRECK! BEFORE I GET HOME, I MIGHT BREAK MY NECK!

PRESENTLY, FROM MUCH GROPING ABOUT, HENRY FINDS HE'S WORN HIMSELF OUT!

OH DEAR ME-- MY FEET FEEL LIKE CLAY. AND I FEEL THE POWER PLANT'S STILL MILES AWAY!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT ON GOES THE LIGHT!

HUH? IT SEEMS I GOT TO THE PLACE ALL RIGHT. THE TROUBLE SEEMS OVER, BUT I'D BETTER FIND OUT FROM THE MAN IN CHARGE WHAT BROUGHT IT ABOUT.

I GUESS YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT WENT WRONG WELL-- THE ANSWER IS **NOTHING**. MORE, I WON'T TELL.

WHAT? I'M THE LAW! I MUST HAVE THE REASON! DOUSING THE LIGHTS WHY, THAT'S PRACTICALLY TREASON!

SORRY, HENRY-- BUT I WON'T TELL YOU MORE.

YOU'RE SHIELDING SOMEONE! TELL ME WHAT FOR! SO YOU WON'T TALK? I'LL CALL YOUR BLUFF! I'LL FIND OUT THE REASON SOON ENOUGH!

THE VERY NEXT DAY, SEE HOW HENRY GETS DRESSED, FOR HIS MUD-SPATTERED PANTS MUST BE CLEANED UP AND PRESSED.

WALKING HOME LAST NIGHT, A NAIL RIPPED THE SEAT. SEE THAT YOU SEW IT UP NICE AND NEAT!

ROCKPORT McGILL THE UTILITIES KING! A MAN WHO'S PROUDER THAN ANYTHING! HE RIPPED HIS SEAT ON A NAIL! WHAT A SHAME! BUT WAIT! IT MUST BE HE WHO'S TO BLAME!

OF LAST NIGHT'S DARK, I ACCUSE YOU, McGILL! AT LEAST YOU SHOULD PAY FOR MY CLEANING BILL!

WHAT? HOW DID YOU KNOW? D.D THE POWER MAN TALK? OUT WITH THE FACTS -- OR GO TAKE A WALK!

A MAN WITH YOUR PRIDE WOULDN'T DARE TO BE FOUND WITH RIPPED PANTS IN PUBLIC. IS MY THEORY SOUND? SO YOU CALLED THE POWER HOUSE ON THE PHONE AND ORDERED "LIGHTS OUT" UNTIL YOU GOT HOME!

REMARKABLE LOGIC! I PHONED AS YOU SAY. AND OFFERED THE MAN AN INCREASE IN PAY.

AND PEOPLE LIKE ME FALL IN THE MIRE,. BECAUSE PEOPLE LIKE YOU MUST HAVE THEIR DESIRE!

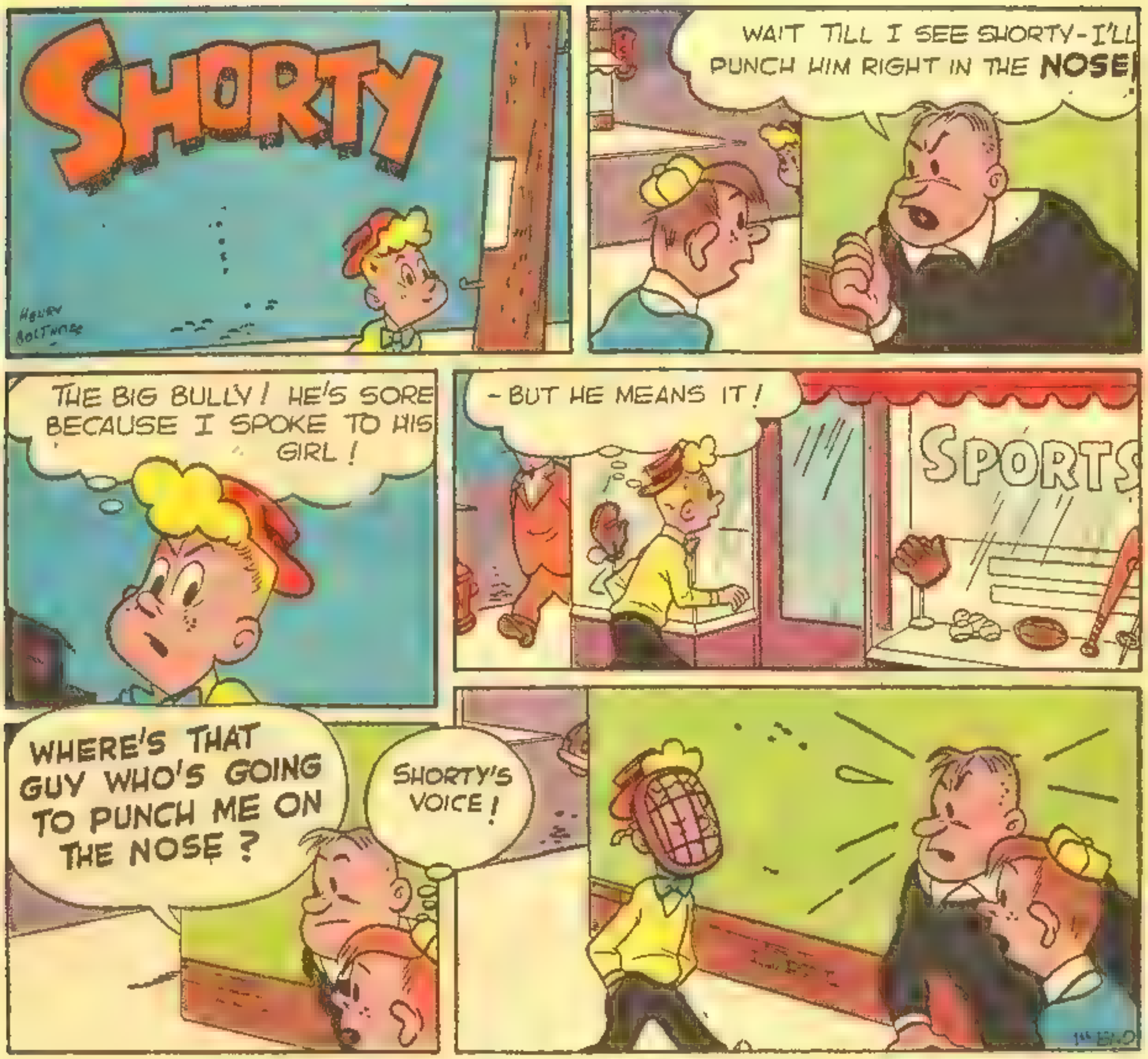
PLEASE DON'T GET MAD. I'LL MAKE IT RIGHT. I'LL PAY THE BILL FOR YOUR MISHAP LAST NIGHT!

ER--INSTEAD OF THE BILL-- ER--WHEN THOSE ARE SEWN-- THEY'RE EXACTLY THE STYLE I'VE LONG WANTED TO OWN!

THEY'RE YOURS SINCE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO **OWN SOME!**

EUREKA! THAT GIVES ME MY RHYME FOR **LONESOME!**

THE END



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION ETC REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2 1946 OF ACTION COMICS, published monthly at New York N Y for October 1, 1947

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county afore said personally appeared J S Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ACTION COMICS and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2 1946 (section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form to wit

1 That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher National Comics Publications Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue New York 17, N Y Editor F W Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N Y Managing Editor none, Business Manager, J S Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue New York 17, N Y

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given) National Comics Publications Inc. Harry Donenfeld Charles Donenfeld J S Liebowitz Rose Liebowitz F H Sampter Sarah L Sampter all of 480 Lexington Avenue New York 17, N Y Irwin Donenfeld Jacob B. Liebowitz and Miriam L Meyer as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld Jacob B. Liebowitz and Miriam L Meyer as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, all of 480 Lexington Avenue New York 17, N Y

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are none

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners stockholders, and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock bonds or other securities than as so stated by him

J S LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1947

ALBERT R VALEE, Notary Public (Commission exp. March 30, 1949)

THE EAGLE SCREAMS "THIEF!"

By TED ROSEN

PROUDLY, Howie Crane looked down at the black stone pin on his lapel. It was shaped like the head of a screaming eagle. On its base were the initials, "B.S.E," and the date, "1947." They stood for the Benevolent Society of Eagles and the year of his initiation into the club.

Howie smiled with satisfaction. At last, he was an Eagle. He could still hear the leading citizens of Maryville cheering as Mark Kleber, the town's chief jeweler and president of the club, presented him with the pin. What was it Mark said? "Welcome to the Eagles. You are the first new member this month. Although you are a resident of only two years' standing, your sincerity and service has made you one of our most popular young men. As your boss, I'm particularly glad you are one of us and I know you'll make us proud of you."

Howie chuckled to himself. Wait till Gladys heard about this. She'd move their wedding day up two weeks. Howie started to turn into a small brick apartment house when he heard a thin, mocking voice behind him.

"Well, well, if it ain't a small world!"

Howie froze. There was only one voice whose thin rasp could fill his veins with ice water. He walked to the curb where a dark, squat, rat-faced man was sneering at him behind the wheel of a new car.

"Hiya!" the squat man said.

Howie's eyes darted frantically in all directions, but no one was on the street. He forced himself to speak calmly.

"Vinny Brock, long time no see," he said slowly, "come on in."

They went up to the second landing. Howie opened the door to his apartment. They entered the neat, three-room apartment without being seen and walked into the living room. Brock laughed nastily.

"Didn't figure you'd see your old cellmate again, huh?" he said. He eyed the simply furnished room with interest. "Nice layout you got, Howie."

Howie's fists clenched.

"If you mean you want to hole out here, forget it," he said.

Brock's laugh was insulting. He was carrying a newspaper and he tapped it on the coffee table.

"I know all about you, Howie. You got a nice job in that jewelry shop downtown. You have an apartment. You got a girl you're gonna marry in a few weeks." Brock lowered his voice to a harsh whisper. "What happens when the town finds out Howie Crane is an ex-con from Chicago?"

"I paid for my crimes," Howie said. "I'm going straight."

"Sure, sure, but who'll believe it?" Brock sneered.

Howie stared angrily at the rat-faced man. "Okay, what's the caper?" he asked.

"Tonight," Brock said, "you take me down to Kleber's. You got a key to the shop and I'll take care of the safe. Then I'll drive back to Chicago."

Howie stared blankly at Brock. "Are you mad? I'll be the first one they'll suspect. After all, I'm the only one beside Kleber who has a key."

Brock shook his head. "No, no one will figure you in this one. Know why? Because I'm gonna protect you by leaving a fake clue behind which will make these hicks think it's an outside job." Brock opened

his newspaper. The masthead on the front page said, *The Brooklyn Eagle*. He smirked at Howie smugly. "When they find this on the safe tomorrow, they'll figure a guy from Brooklyn left it behind. They won't think of looking here—or in Chicago."

Howie's anger exploded into action. He started for Brock, but the squat man was too quick. He sidestepped Howie's rush. He slapped Howie sharply across the face with the newspaper. His other hand bulged in his side pocket.

"I've got a gun, Howie," he grated.

Howie paused, letting his arms drop limply. Kleber's words went ringing through his mind. "I know you'll make us all proud of you." Howie forced himself to smile at Brock.

"Okay, you've got me over a barrel," he said. "I'll do it."

Sometime after midnight, Howie led Brock into the jewelry shop. Brock had no trouble with the old-fashioned safe where Kleber kept his precious stones. Brock filled a pocket-size canvas bag with gems and slipped it into his jacket. As they were about to leave, he dropped his copy of *The Brooklyn Eagle* on the safe.

"Now let them look for a guy from Brooklyn," he rasped.

"No, not that way," Howie whispered. He picked up the paper, opened it so that the front page was up and laid it on the safe. "We want the watchman to spot it right off," he said. "A *Brooklyn Eagle* in Maryville will hit him smack in the eye."

Brock nodded with mocking praise.

"You still got a great head for the racket, Howie," he said. "A shame you gotta go straight."

They walked slowly up dark, deserted Oak Street, stopping at the curb before Howie's apartment house.

"How about a beer before you start back for Chicago?" Howie asked.

"No hard feelings, huh? Well, don't care if I do," Brock said.

They had several beers as they talked over old times in Chicago and the time they spent in prison. They were laughing heartily at one of Howie's anecdotes when a sharp command brought them to their feet.

"All right, put 'em up!"

It was Chief Harry Olson, gun in hand. Behind him was Mark Kleber, in pajamas and bathrobe, and the watchman.

Brock shrugged.

"You win," he said, handing over his gun and the jewels.

Kleber smiled reassuringly at Howie.

"Don't worry, Howie," he said. "If you were dishonest, you wouldn't have left the one clue that pointed right at you and brought us here in a hurry."

Brock stared at Howie with amazed fury.

"So you crossed me?" he snarled.

Howie laughed.

"When I put your *Brooklyn Eagle* on the safe, I slipped another Eagle onto it. It has the date, "1947," on it and since I'm the only member taken this month, I knew it would lead the police to me. I also knew the watchman came through the shop every hour on the hour and would spot the paper as soon as he did. That's why I brought you up for a beer. To wait for Chief Olson."

Kleber handed Howie back his pin.

"You're a credit to the Eagles, Howie," he said.

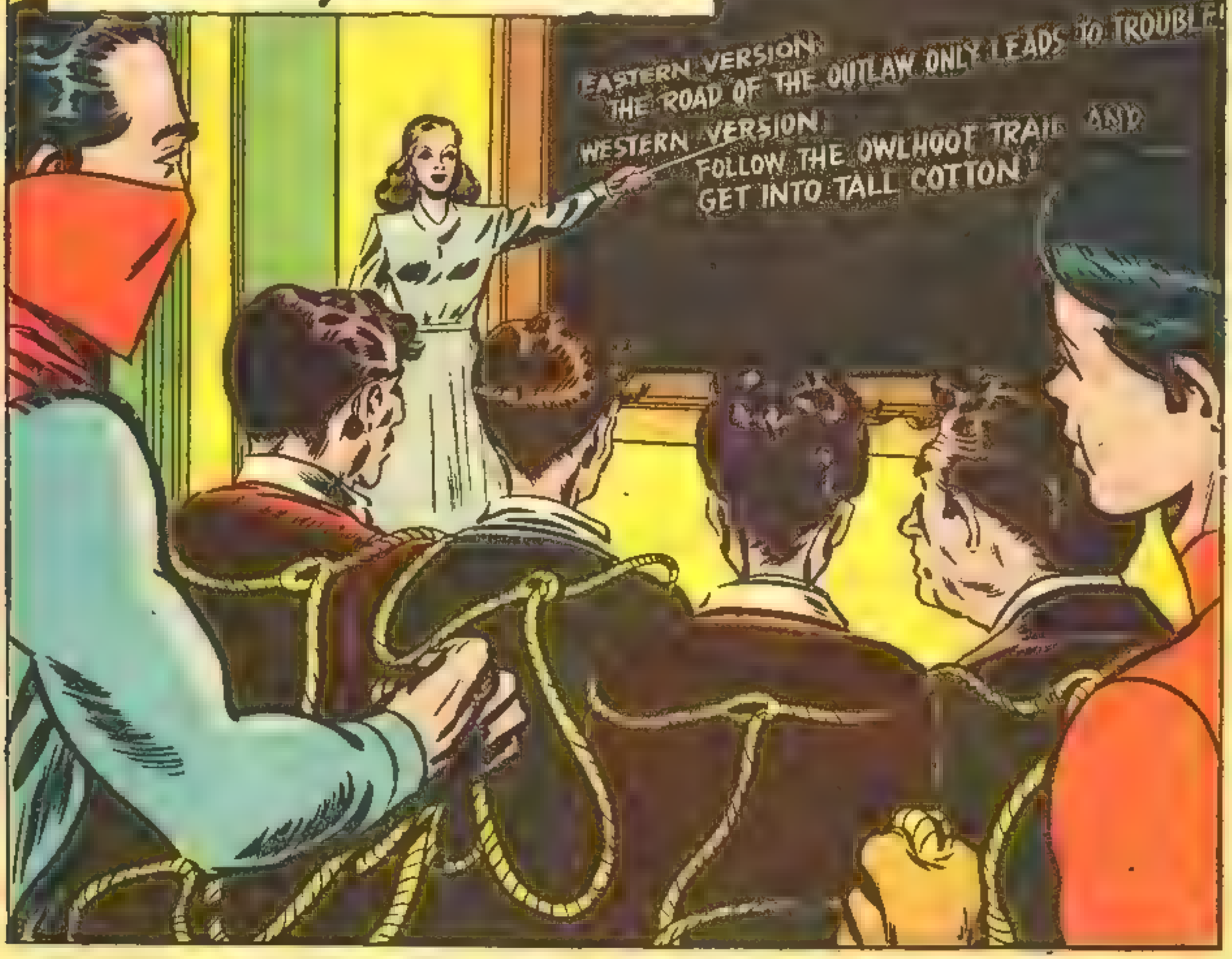
"Fine credit he is," Brock sneered. "This guy was a con. He spent time in the Big House."

"You see, Howie," Kleber said, "you see, how wise it was to tell us all about your past when you filled out your application to join the club?"

VIGILANTE

DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WADDY AND A BUSHWACKER? IS ANYONE CALLED YOU A SIDEWINDER, WOULD YOU BE MAD? AMERICA'S COWBOYS SPEAK A LINGO ALL THEIR OWN, AS THE **VIGILANTE** PROVES IN THRILLING FASHION TO A SCHOOLMARM FROM THE EAST WHEN HE PROVIDES...

"A Lesson for the Teacher!"



A STREAM-LINED TRAIN PLUNGES D ZZILY ACROSS THE WESTERN PLAINS...

IN THE CLUB CAR, HOLLYWOOD-BOUND GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, AND STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, ENTERTAIN THEIR FELLOW PASSENGERS...

OH—BUFFALO BILL WAS NAMED BILL CODY BUT THERE AIN'T NO NAME FOR THE POOR COYOTE...

ISN'T HE WONDER-FUL, MISS?

WHAT'S WONDERFUL ABOUT SUCH POOR GRAMMAR?

THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "AIN'T".' WHY CAN'T HE SING IN GOOD ENGLISH?

HUH? IMAGINE SINGIN' COWBOY SONGS LIKE A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.'

HA-HA.'

PRESENTLY...

BETTER GET READY, MISS. WE'RE COMING INTO RED GULCH.'

THANKS, CONDUCTOR.'

THERE SHE GOES— AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO HER.' COMPLAINING ABOUT YOUR GRAMMAR! GOSH.'

EASY, PARD. YOU CAN'T EXPECT EVERY TENDERFOOT TO LIKE COWBOY SINGIN'.'

SUDDENLY...

THAT'S THE GIRL.' GRAB HER.'

EEEE! HELP.'

LEAPIN' HORN TOADS! GREG, DID YOU SEE IT?

THE TRAIN'S MOVIN' AND THOSE CARS ARE DRIVING AWAY. QUICK—THE BAGGAGE CAR!

A QUICK CHANGE OF GARB, AND SECONDS LATER, IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF **THE VIGILANTE**, ASTRIDE HIS MECHANICAL STEED, GREG SANDERS PURSUES...

STUFF, YOU PHONE THE SHERIFF FROM THE STATION WHILE I GO AFTER THOSE K'DNAPERS!

THE GIRL'S IN THE SECOND CAR. MY BEST CHANCE TO STOP THEM IS TO CIRCLE AROUND AND COME UP AHEAD OF THEM.

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

SOME MINUTES LATER, AFTER CIRCLING BACK TO THE ROAD...

HERE GOES.

HERE THEY COME! WITH THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CAR, NO SENSE ENDANGERING HER BY TACKLING THE WHOLE MOB. I'LL JUST STOP THE SECOND CAR WITH MY ROPE TRICK.

AS THE LEADING CAR STRIKES THE TAUT ROPE, THE GIANT BOULDERS ARE SNAPPED FROM PLACE TO BLOCK THE PATH OF THE SECOND CAR!

CRASH!

SCREECH

WHAT HAPPENED, MOKE?

QUICK, DUKE! WE GOTTA MOVE THEM ROCKS!

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

WHY, IT'S THE *VIGILANTE!*

RIGHT WITH YOU, MISS. SOON'S I SHAKE THE POISON OUTA THESE RATTLERS!

THE VIGILANTE RESCUED **ME!** I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

LET'S GO, MISS. THE SIDEWINDERS IN THAT FIRST CAR MAY RETURN!

FIRST- BACK TO RED GULCH. WHAT DID THOSE VARMINTS WANT WITH YOU ANYWAY?

THEY MUST BE PART OF THE GRUMLEY MOB.

BACK EAST I SAW THIS GRUMLEY KILL A MAN. THE POLICE CAUGHT HIM AND, I'M TO BE THEIR STAR WITNESS AT HIS TRIAL NEXT MONTH.

HOWEVER, I'D PREVIOUSLY TAKEN A TEACHING JOB HERE. GRUMLEY'S MEN MUST'VE LEARNED ABOUT IT AND WAITED FOR ME AT THE STATION.'

HM— PROBABLY PLANNING TO HOLD YOU TILL AFTER THE TRIAL.'

SHERIFF RED GULCH

WHILE THE GIRL TELLS HER STORY TO THE SHERIFF, VIG AND STUFF TALK THINGS OVER...

—AND THE SHERIFF MAY NEED HELP AGAINST THOSE EASTERN THUGS. THEY'RE SURE TO TRY ONCE MORE TO GET THE STAR WITNESS AGAINST GRUMLEY.'

SO—THE HOLLY-WOOD TRIP'S OFF, EH?

NEXT DAY—RED GULCH'S LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE GETS A NEW PUPIL AS WELL AS A NEW TEACHER.'

SO—IT'S THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE TRAIN WHO THINKS WESTERN SLANG IS SUPERIOR TO ENGLISH.' WELL, YOU'LL LEARN DIFFERENTLY IN MY CLASS.'

YES'M...

FOR STUFF, AT THE VIG'S REQUEST, HAS TO KEEP A PROTECTIVE EYE ON THE NEW TEACHER...

WHO WAS BENEDICT ARNOLD?

HE WUZ THE BUSHWACKER THAT HIT THE OWLHOOT TRAIL AND GOT INTO TALL COTTON FOR BEIN' A TRAITOR!

SHE MAY LEARN D FFER-ENT HER-SELF!

WHAT KIND OF STRANGE LANGUAGE IS THAT? I'LL HAVE NO HORRIBLE SLANG SPOKEN IN THIS CLASSROOM.'

HM—BET SHE THINKS SHE'S GONNA CHANGE THE WEST.'

THAT NIGHT IN THEIR RED GULCH HOTEL ROOM...

WELL, STUFF, KEEPING A GOOD EYE ON THE NEW TEACHER IN CASE THOSE CROOKS SHOW UP AGAIN?

SHE MAKES ME MADDER'N A WALL-EYED MAVERICK!

BUT I LEFT HER A SURPRISE WHEN SHE GETS BACK TO SCHOOL IN THE MORNING. MAYBE **SHE'LL** LEARN SOMETHING! HER AND HER GRAMMAR!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ENGLISH, STUFF!

NEXT MORNING, BEFORE CLASS...

WHY—THE NERVE OF THOSE CHILDREN!... OF COURSE, MEMORIZING THESE SLANG WORDS MIGHT HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND THE PUPILS...

Sidewinder = Snake
Ranny = Cowboy
Hog Leg = Gun
Dry Gulch = Ambush
Boothill = Cemetery

...BUT I CERTAINLY WON'T LEAVE THEM ON ON THE BLACK— OH!

BETTER COME QUIET, MISS, BEFORE YER LITTLE PUPILS WALK IN AN' GET HOIT!

SHORTLY AFTER, STUFF ARRIVES EARLY, BUT TOO LATE!

SHE'S NOT HERE YET, BUT— HUH? THEN WHO ERASED THE BLACKBOARD? AND THERE'S HER PURSE! AND—HOLY SMOKE! SHOOTIN' OUTSIDE!

AS STUFF DASHES FROM THE SCHOOLHOUSE...

THE VIG—AND THE SHERIFF! WHAT'S UP?

THEM EASTERN VARMINTS WAS A-RUNNIN' OFF WITH THE SCHOOLMARM. I TRIED TO STOP 'EM AN' GOT PLUGGED!

THERE WAS FOUR OF 'EM. THEY HAD A BLACK CAR HID UNDER THAT HAYSTACK. THEY HEADED OUT TOWARD THE DESERT WITH THE GAL.'

LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

TO A NICE SNUG HIDEOUT CALLED SNAKE CAVERNS, SISTER.'

SOME TIME LATER...

WE GOT A GOOD START. LET'S STOP AND DIG INTO THIS GRUB BEFORE HITTIN' THE DESERT.'

THERE'S A MILLION POSSIBLE PLACES WE MIGHT BE HIDIN' IN, SO DON'T COUNT ON BEIN' SAVED AGAIN, SISTER.

SUN VALLEY RIDGE
BIRCH HILL
INDIAN MESA
WINDY GULCH
FOSTER'S CANYON
CUSTER'S VALLEY

BOY, WHAT A BALL FIELD THIS DESERT WOULD MAKE.'

STILL DREAMIN' OF WHEN YOU USED TO BE A PERFESSIONAL BALL-PLAYER, MOKE?

YOU— A BALL-PLAYER? THAT'S FUNNY!

SURE—I WAS A FOIST STRING PITCHER. ONLY, I GOT BOUNCED FER TAKIN' BRIBES.'

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. WHY, YOU'RE SO CROOKED, HOW COULD YOU EVER **THROW** STRAIGHT?

OH, YEAH— WAIT'LL I ROLL SOME BALLS FROM THIS CLAY BANK!

HMPH—I'LL BET YOU COULDN'T HIT THE **S** ON THAT TOP SIGN FROM HERE.'

HOW'S THAT?!

HMPH.! AN ACCIDENT! LET'S SEE YOU HIT THE "V" IN THE BOTTOM SIGN.!

SUN VALLEY RIDGE
BIRCH HILL
INDIAN MESA
WINDY GULCH
FOSTER'S CANYON
CUSTER'S VALLEY

KEEP CALLIN' 'EM, SISTER. I'M IN GREAT FORM.!

THE "I" IN THE SECOND SIGN! THE "E" IN MESA!

WE BETTER BREAK IT UP AN' GET MOVIN'!

COME ON, MOKE. WE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO.

YEAH—WE BETTER PUT SOME DESERT BETWEEN OURSELVES AN' THIS HIGHWAY.!

SOMETIME AFTER THE MOBSTERS DISAPPEAR INTO THE DESERT...

A LOST TRAIL, PARDNER. THE DESERT BRANCHES OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION AND THE WINDS DON'T LEAVE ANY TIRE-TRACKS TO FOLLOW.'

GUESS THEY HAD TOO BIG A START.'

SOMEONE SURE MESSED UP THAT MARKER.

WHOA THERE, STUFF.! STARTING FROM THE TOP, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THOSE CLAY BLOBS SPELL OUT?

S-I-D-E-WIN— HUH? SIDEWINDER CAVE.!

SOMEONE STOPPED HERE TO EAT.! IF IT WAS THEM, MAYBE THE SCHOOLMARM MESSED UP THAT SIGN PURPOSELY.!

SUN VALLEY RIDGE
BIRCH HILL
INDIAN MESA
WINDY GULCH
FOSTERS CANYON
CUSTERS VALLEY

NO USE. THERE'S NO SIDEWINDER CAVE ON THE MAP!

WAIT! SIDEWINDER IS WESTERN LINGO FOR **SNAKE!** AND HERE'S **SNAKE CAVERNS!** DON'T YOU GET IT?

SNAKE CAVERNS

SHE WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO USE WESTERN SLANG TO KEEP THOSE EASTERNERS FROM UNDERSTANDING THAT SHE WAS LEAVING A MESSAGE!

AND SIDE-WINDER WAS ON THE LIST I LEFT ON THE SCHOOL BLACK-BOARD. MAYBE SHE REMEMBERED IT!

IT SEEMS POSSIBLE, ALL RIGHT. ANY-WAY, WE'LL TRY IT.

TOWARD EVENING, A GANGSTER LOOKOUT AT THE CAVERN'S MOUTH SPOTS THE PURSUERS!

HUH! THE VIG AND THAT KID! HOW'D THEY EVER TRAIL US UP HERE?

THE VIG! HE'S ON THE WAY UP NOW WITH THAT KID!

PULL THESE BOULDERS TOGETHER AND GET BEHIND THEM. QUICK!

NO SIGN OF 'EM. MAYBE WE MADE A WRONG GUESS, AFTER ALL.

ANYWAY, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED. THIS IS A NASTY SPOT FOR AN AMBUSH!

SUDDENLY... BULLETS WHISTLE PAST THE LAWMAN OF THE RANGE AND HIS PAL!

WATCH OUT!

WHEW! CLOSE!

WHAT A SPOT! IF WE TRY TO CRAWL OUT, WE'LL BE EXPOSED. IF WE STAY, WE STARVE. UNLESS, HMM... THOSE STALACTITES HANGING FROM THE ROOF OF THEIR CAVE...

...IF THIS WORKS, MAYBE WE'LL WIN OUT YET. BUT IT'S GONNA TAKE SOME FANCY SHOOTIN', PARDNER.

YOW!

OOCH!

THE ROOF'S CAVIN'!

HERE'S A LITTLE ROPE, PAL!

THERE'S THE SCHOOLMARM— IN THE BACK!

LATER...

THANKS, YOUNGSTER, FOR THAT SLANG LESSON YOU WROTE ON THE BLACKBOARD. IT REALLY SAVED ME!

THE TEACHER GETS AN "A" ON HER LESSON THIS TIME, EH, VIG?

THE END

And SUPERBOY MAKES CROOKS MIND THEIR P's and Q's EVERY MONTH in Adventure COMICS

THRILL to the punch-packed action of the fighting WEST!

ROARING SIX-GUNS! THUNDERING HOOVES! THUDDING FISTS! ALL THE RED-BLOODED EXCITEMENT IN THE DANGEROUS CAREERS OF THE STRONG MEN WHO WAGER THEIR LIVES ON A LIGHTNING DRAW!

ANOTHER SURE-FIRE WINNER FROM AMERICA'S TOP COMICS PUBLISHER!

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

On Sale AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

H NYLLAPUN VSK IBA LCLY ULD—H TLYYF JOYPZATHZ AV HSS VM FVB!

SUPERMAN, c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

FEB.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....